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(PAGE 24.)



CONFLAGRATION OF LONDON, 1846.

GREAT FIRE OF LONDON,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1666.

*From the London Gazette Extraordinary,
September 2nd, Sunday, 1666.*

"ABOUT two o'clock this morning a sudden and lamentable fire broke out in this city, beginning not far from Thames Street, near London Bridge, which continues still with great violence, and hath already burnt down to the ground many houses thereabouts; which sad accident affected his Majesty with that tenderness and compassion, that he was pleased to go himself in person, with his Royal Highness,* to give order that all possible means should be used for quenching the fire, or stopping its further spreading. In which care the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Craven was sent by his Majesty to be more particularly assisting to the Lord Mayor and magistrates; and several companies of his guards sent into the City to be helpful, by what ways they could, in so great a calamity."

*London Gazette: published by authority,
Whitehall, September 8, 1666.*

"The ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of fire lately happened in the City of London, it hath been thought fit, for satisfying the minds of so many of his Majesty's good subjects who must needs be concerned for the issue of so great an accident, to give this short but true account of it.

"On the 2nd instant, at one of the clock in the morning, there happened to break out a sad and lamentable fire in Pudding Lane, near New Fish Street, which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the town so close built with wooden pitched houses, spread itself so far before day, and with such distraction to the inhabitants and neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it by pulling down houses, as ought to have been done; so that this lamentable fire in a short time became too big to be mastered by any engines, or working near it. It fell out most unhappily, too, that a violent easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all that day and the night following, spreading itself up to Gracechurch Street, and downwards from Cannon Street to the water side, as far as the Three Cranes in the Vintry.

The people in all parts about it, distracted by the vastness of it, and their particular care to carry away their goods, many attempts were made to prevent the spreading of it, by pulling down houses, and making great intervals, but all in vain; the fire seizing upon the timber and rubbish, and so continuing itself even through those spaces, and raging in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday, notwithstanding his Majesty's own, and his Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it, calling upon and helping the people

with their guards, and a great number of nobility and gentry unweariedly assisting the men; for which they were requited by a thousand blessings from the poor distressed people. By the favour of God, the wind slackened a little on Tuesday night, and the flames meeting with brick buildings at the Temple, by little and little it was observed to lose its force on that side, so that on Wednesday morning we began to hope well; and his Royal Highness never despairing nor slackening his personal care, wrought so well that day, assisted in some parts by the Lords of the Council, before and behind it, that a stop was put to it at the Temple Church, near Holborn Bridge, Pie Corner, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the lower end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basinghall Street, by the postern, at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street and Leadenhall Street, at the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, near Clothworker's Hall, in Mincing Lane, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock.

On Thursday, by the blessing of God, it was wholly beat down and extinguished: But so as that evening it unhappily burst out again afresh at the Temple, by the falling of some sparks (as it is supposed) upon a pile of wooden buildings; but his Royal Highness, who watched there that whole night in person, by the great labour and diligence used, and especially by applying powder to blow up the houses about it, before day happily mastered it. Divers strangers, Dutch and French, were, during the fire, apprehended upon suspicion that they contributed mischievously to it; who are all imprisoned, and informations prepared, to make a severe inquisition hereupon by my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, assisted by some of the Lords of the Privy Council, and some principal members of the City; notwithstanding which suspicions, the manner of the burning all along in a train, and so blown forwards in all its way by strong winds, makes us conclude the whole was the effect of an unhappy chance, or, to speak better, the heavy hand of God upon us for our sins, showing us the terror of His judgment in thus raising the fire, and immediately after his miraculous and never enough to be acknowledged mercy in putting a stop to it, when we were in the last despair, and that all attempts for the quenching of it, however industriously pursued, seemed insufficient.

His Majesty then sat hourly in council, and ever since hath continued making rounds about the City, in all parts of it where the danger and mischief was greatest, till this morning, that he hath sent his Grace the Duke of Albermarle, whom he hath called for to assist him in this great occasion, to put his happy and successful hand to the finishing this memorable deliverance. About the Tower, the reasonable orders given for plucking down houses to secure the magazines of

* The Duke of York; afterwards James II.

powder, was more especially successful, that part being up the wind; notwithstanding which, it came almost to the very gates of it, so as by this early provision, the several stores of war, lodged in the Tower, were entirely saved; and we have, further, this infinite cause particularly to give God thanks, that the fire did not happen in any of those places where his Majesty's naval stores are kept, so as though it hath pleased God to visit us with his own hand, he hath not, by disfurnishing us with the means of carrying on the war, subjected us to our enemies. It might be observed that this fire happened in a part of the town where, though the commodities were not very rich, yet they were so bulky that they could not well be removed, so that the inhabitants of that part where it first began have sustained very great loss; but by the best inquiry we can make, the other parts of the town, where the commodities were of greater value, took the alarm so early, that they saved most of their goods of value, which, possibly, may have diminished the loss; though some think, that if the whole industry of the inhabitants had been applied to the stopping of the fire, and not to the saving of their particular goods, the success might have been much better, not only to the public, but to many of them in their own particulars. Through this sad accident, it is easy to be imagined how many persons were necessitated to remove themselves and goods into the open fields, where they were forced to continue some time; which could not but work compassion in the beholders; but his Majesty's care was most signal on this occasion, who, besides his personal pains, was frequent in consulting all ways for relieving those distressed persons, which produced to good effect, as well by his Majesty's proclamations, and the orders issued to the neighbour justices of the peace, to encourage the sending in provision to the markets which are publicly known, as by other directions, that when his Majesty, fearing lest other orders might not yet have been sufficient, had commanded the victualler of his navy, to send bread into Moorfields for the relief of the poor; which for the more speedy supply he sent in biscuit, out of the sea stores: it was found that the markets had been already so well supplied, that the people, being unaccustomed to that kind of bread, declined it, and so it was returned in great part to his Majesty's stores again, without any use made of it. And we cannot but observe, to the confusion of all his Majesty's enemies, who endeavour to persuade the world abroad of great parties and disaffections at home against his Majesty's government, that a greater instance of his Majesty's affections of this city could never be given them, than hath been now given in this sad and deplorable accident, when if at any time disorder might have been expected from the losses, distraction, and almost desperation of some persons in their

present fortunes, thousands of people not having had habitations to cover them. And yet in all this time it hath been so far from any appearance of designs or attempts against his Majesty's government, that his Majesty and his royal brother, out of their care to stop and prevent the fire, frequently exposing their persons, with very small attendance, in all parts of the town, sometimes even to be intermixed with those who laboured in the business; yet, nevertheless, there hath not been observed so much as a murmuring word to fall from any; but, on the contrary, those persons whose losses rendered their conditions most desperate, and to be fit objects of others' prayers, beholding these frequent instances of his Majesty's care of his people, forgot their own misery, and filled the streets with their prayers for his Majesty, whose trouble they seemed to compassionate above their own."

THE DYING YOUTH.

(For the Mirror.)

Open the lattice! I once more would f-e-l.
Like a kind hand, the smooth air gently steal.
About my fever'd brow, sweet influence bringing;
And listen to his pleasant murmurous tone.
Thro' the thick woodlins, like a young voice singing
Of all the glory and the beauty strewn
Over the verdant Earth at rosy break of June.
Let me look out upon the summer-sky;
Far through its sapphire depths the bright clouds lie.
Like ocean-isles, or pendant bowers, haunted
By Heaven's blythe spirit-bands, to be with whom
My heart, like Noah's dove, for rest hath panted;
And Death will lead me, ere the night stars bloom.
Up you fair heavenward path from the stern-shadow'd
tomb!
Earth now is glad—the summer-time hath come—
Its sunlight fills the room—a low sweet hum
Of silvery voices on my ear is stealing,
Yet in my voice no answering tone is wrought.
My heart hath hush'd the play of old-time feeling;
For I am dying, like a half-dream'd thought.
Or a young blossom, by the wind's rude motion caught.
O bring me flowers—the beautiful and frail!
The half-blown bud—the open, silver-pale,
Or crimson-bloom'd—the blighted, early-dying;
O twine for me a lovely summer-wreath,
To shed a still soft light where I am lying,
And whilst the sweetness of their latest breath
Flows thro' the heaving air, I'll fade with them to
death!
To death! for life wanes as a meteor's fire—
The melody is passing from the lyre—
Which Death with heavy hand is rudely crushing;
I rise triumphant from the bonds of Time—
Heaven like a glorious flood is round me rushing.
Sweet voices welcome me with songs sublime.
A summer home is mine—a bright eternal clime!

J. A. GIBSON.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

FAIRER! know where Cupid sleeps,
To-crop his wings and stop his ranging;
But a watch he closely keeps,
Altho' his choice is ever changing:
All the day he roves about;
And all the night he's restless towing:
Doating now, and then in doubt:—
His head and heart each other chasing.

Eyes of black, bewitching glance,
 And eyes of blue divinely languish;
 Both the god, by turns, entrance,
 And give him bosom-burning anguish.
 Raven tresses clasp'ring rich,
 And Auburn locks luxuriant flowing,
 Poor young Love alike bewitch,
 And keep his little bosom glowing.
 Can we blame young Cupid, then,
 Or lecture him on bonds and duty?—
 Thus meet by Venus' train,
 And hem'd about by brightest beauty,—
 No—like bee and butterfly,
 Young Love e'er will be a rover:
 Still some maid with wild'ring eye,
 Will wound him ere he can recover.

JAMES WYLSON.

ROSABELLE.

(For the Mirror.)

A monk is muttering a matin prayer
 In the gloom of St. Austin's cell,
 His head is cowl'd and his feet are bare,
 But for whom does the monk beg blessings there?
 For the lovely Rosabelle!
 A knight is spurring a gallant steed—
 Why spare he, who shall tell?
 And why dooms he yonder knight to bleed,
 As he rests his lance in his headlong speed—
 He fights for fair Rosabelle!
 The monk at the altar now kneels kneel,
 In his hand are book and bell;
 And the knight has grasp'd in his hand of steel
 A maiden to take her for woe or weal—
 'Tis the lovely Rosabelle!
 White hands are decking the marriage bow'n
 Fair maidens' love to tell,
 And many a heart its blessing pours
 While the wine-cup flows in Sir Waller's tow'rs—
 And all for Rosabelle!

E. M.

THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY.

A TRUE TALE.*

NOTHING more magical of power than Beauty!
 A fine eye rays its influence farther than a
 sunbeam—red lips intoxicate the brain more
 potently than "ruby wine,"—and many an
 unseen beauty acts more attractively on the
 spirits, than an almost-discovered planet on
 those of an astronomer-royal.

General Paczkiewitch was bewitched by an
 invisible beauty;—hearken, and you shall
 know how.

M. Praszynski, a celebrated painter of
 Warsaw, had exhibited the portrait of a
 young damsel of the most fascinating love-
 liness.

Field-Marshal Paczkiewitch saw the por-
 trait, and after asking the price demanded if
 it were a work of imagination, or the copy of
 a real being.

On the answer of the painter, that it was
 the portrait of a lady living in the country,
 the Field-Marshal offered the artist two hun-
 dred ducats for his picture, on condition that
 he would give him the name and the residence
 of his beautiful model.

Several other generals, arriving at this
 minute, the painter made his obeisance, and

* From a letter from Warsaw, quoted in the French
 Journals.

the Marshal said, "Come this evening at
 eight o'clock, and bring the portrait."

Unfortunately, this conversation had been
 overheard by the Lady Field-Marshal, wife of
 the gallant general. The painter, before he
 had left the court-yard, received the following
 hastily-written billet:—

"Come at six o'clock, and not at eight. I wait for
 you. (Signed) PACZKIEWITCH."

M. Praszynski, the painter, hastened at six
 to the appointed assignation, and found there,
 to all appearance, the Field-Marshal, (but who
 was, indeed, the Lady Field-Marshal, equipped
 in her husband's suit and epaulets,) who gave
 to him, not two hundred, but four hundred
 ducats. The name and address of the beau-
 tiful lady being given, the artist withdrew.

Madame Paczkiewitch flung the portrait in
 the fire, and despatched an order forthwith to
 the beautiful, but altogether unconscious lady,
 to depart at once to Cracow.

The Field-Marshal having learnt these
 things, exiled M. Praszynski, the poor painter,
 from Warsaw: but the lady of the governor
 has taken the young artist under her protec-
 tion.

Such is one of the many instances of crossed-
 love, and cross purposes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SPITE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was a full inheritor of the
 imperious Tudor disposition, and the bluff
 king-Harry style of her rebukes, to princes,
 prelates, and peeresses, is well known. Here
 is an instance but little read:—

There was among the Queen's attendants, a
 young girl of rank, Lady Mary Howard, re-
 markable for her beauty and liveliness, who
 had attracted the notice of Essex and others
 of the courtiers, and consequently, became the
 object of the Queen's vindictive displeasure,
 and the victim of those arts of tormenting,
 wherein her majesty seems to have excelled.

"It happened," relates Sir John Harring-
 ton, "that Lady M. Howard was possessed
 of a rich border, powdered with gold and
 pearl, and a velvet suit belonging thereto,
 which moved many to envy; nor did it please
 the Queen, who thought it exceeded her own."

"One day, the Queen did send privately,
 and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put
 on herself, and came forth into the chamber
 among the ladies.

"The kirtle and border was far too short
 for her majesty's height; and she asked every
 one how they liked her new-fancied suit.

"At length she asked the owner herself, 'if
 it was not made too short and ill-becoming'
 to which the poor lady did presently consent.

"Why, then," retorted the queen 'if it be-
 come not me, as being too short, I am minded
 it shall never become thee as being too fine:
 so it fitteth neither well.'

"This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and
 she never," says Sir John, "adorned herself
 therewith any more."

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(For the Mirror.)

In November, 1829, I attended the anatomical lectures delivered by Joseph Henry Green, Esq., at the Royal Academy, and I there saw Sir Thomas Lawrence for the last time. On that occasion, the lecture, as usual, commenced at eight o'clock. I had previously secured a good seat, to enable me to see the academicians distinctly, as they entered the room. The lecturer, and the worthy president, came in first, followed by a great number of the members, who ranged themselves on each side of the president's chair. The pleasure felt by the audience on the appearance of Sir Thomas, was evinced by loud clapping of hands; he bowed in a very graceful manner, while a complacent smile beamed on his fine, open, and prepossessing countenance. His face was rather pale—in other respects, he appeared perfectly healthy, and no one would have imagined, that within two short months, his earthly career would be terminated for ever. I need not attempt to describe his features minutely; the portrait which he painted of himself a short time before his death, is an excellent likeness; although, I think, the eyes are not vivacious enough—neither does it altogether convey the benign expression of his countenance.* The outline of his face was bland and dignified. He wore a black frock-coat, closely buttoned, and white gloves. On entering the lecture-room, his head was bare, but he resumed his hat, according to custom, and remained covered during the discourse. When it was ended, he conversed with great cheerfulness with several of the academicians. He very soon withdrew, and, as he descended the stairs of the Academy, I happened to be close to him. I observed that he was accompanied by Mr. Green, with whom he talked in a very low tone. When he arrived at the hall-door, he shook hands with Mr. Green, and said, rather audibly, "God bless you." He then stepped into his carriage. G.W.N.

THE SPECTRE WITH EARS.

MADAME D. was on a visit to some friends in the country, whose chateau (so the report ran) was favoured by a nocturnal visitant, who had been in the habit, for some time, of promenading certain apartments, and which had, consequently, led to their desertion. The lady, who was by no means superstitious, possessed, however, a sufficient quantum of curiosity, and, therefore, determined, although labouring under indisposition, to sleep in the haunted chamber. In the middle of the night, she heard the door open, she demanded aloud to know the reason of this unwelcome visit,

* This portrait has been engraved, and was exhibited, with most of his other works, at the British Institution, in the autumn of 1830.

but received no answer. There was a heavy footstep and a moaning. A table at the foot of the bed was overturned, and the curtains are shaken with violence. In an instant after, a chair was tumbled down, and the spectre approached the bed. Madam, not at all terrified, immediately put out her hands to ascertain if it were of palpable form. In groping, she laid hold of two ears, without meeting with any resistance. Resolved not to lose the fruit of her courage, she maintained hold of her prize, and so continued, in this painful attitude, until enabled to distinguish the cause of so much alarm—when, behold! the object of terror is discovered to be a large dog, perfectly quiet, and who, it is supposed, not feeling inclined to remain out of doors at night, had thus availed himself of the opportunity of securing such comfortable quarters. T.H.

BEAUTIES OF HAZLITT.—No. II.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORKS.

Enchantment of a Voice.

I HAVE now, heard a voice so break upon the silence, "to angels 'twas most like," and charm the moonlight air with its balmy essence, that the budding leaves trembled to its accents. Would I might hear it once more whisper peace and hope (as erst when it was mingled with the breath of spring), and with its soft pulsations, lift winged fancy to Heaven! But it has ceased, or turned where I no more shall hear it.

Love at First Sight.

I do not think that what is called "*Love at first sight*," is so great an absurdity as it is sometimes imagined to be. We generally make up our minds beforehand, to the sort of person we should like, grave or gay, black, brown, or fair: with golden tresses, or with raven locks:—and when we meet with a complete example of the qualities we admire, the bargain is soon struck. We have never seen anything to come up to our newly-discovered goddess before, but she is what we have been all our lives looking for. The idol we fall down and worship, is an image familiar to our minds. It has been present to our waking thoughts—it has haunted us in our dreams, like some fairy vision. Oh! thou, who, the first time I ever beheld thee, didst draw my soul into the circle of thy heavenly looks, and wave enchantment round me, do not think my conquest less complete, because it was instantaneous: for, in that gentle form, (as if another Imogene had entered) I saw all that I had ever loved of female grace, modesty, and sweetness!

Placidness of faded Infancy.

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It was years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image

had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over; but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me: and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the church-yard over its little grave, the welcome grave helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast.

Dear, but disappointed Love.

I have wasted my life in one long sigh; nor ever (till too late) beheld a gentle face turned gently upon mine! But no! not too late, if that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears. A purple light hovers round my head. The air of love is in the room. As I look at my long-neglected copy of the Death of Clorinda, golden gleams play upon the canvas, as they used when I painted it. . . . I am as when my life began, the rainbow is in the sky again. The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain: I am not utterly worthless—unregarded; nor shall I die and wither of pure scorn. Now could I sit on the tomb of liberty, and write a hymn to Love. Or if I am deceived, let me be deceived still. Let me live in the Elysium of those soft looks: poison me with kisses, kill me with smiles: but still mock me with thy love!

THE DEATH HUNTER.*

THE tribunal of Correctional Police has just been occupied with the most *bizarre* affair which has for some time been recorded.

Isidore Burnier appears to have been beset by a most singular monomania. He was terribly afraid of having no person to attend his funeral, and, like the poor man in the story, of being followed to the grave only by his dog.

To prevent, as far as in him lay, the occurrence of what he deemed a most frightful calamity, Burnier had made a little paper book, and written these words at the head of the first page:—

"I hereby engage, on my honour, to assist at the convey, funeral service, and interment of M. Isidore Burnier, when we shall have the misfortune to lose him, in the event of my surviving him; and M. Isidore Burnier engages on his side to assist at my obsequies, should I die before him."

Armed with this document, Burnier went to all his friends and acquaintances, with a view to obtaining their signatures at its foot.

* From the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Burnier never went from home for an instant without his paper-book in his pocket. If he was in an evening *salon*, he entreated the signature of every person present; if at a dinner-party, he never waited beyond the dessert to beg of the guests, young and old, to join their names to those who had already entered into the solemn engagement. Every individual whom he happened to meet once, and whose signature he had not an opportunity at that moment of soliciting, was sure to receive a visit from Burnier, book in hand, like a man who goes about looking for subscriptions.

One morning, he presented himself in this way, at the residence of M. Lombard, a respectable sexagenarian, whom he had seen the evening before for the first time in his life at a *café*, playing a game of dominoes. Upon seeing the 300 or 400 signatures which Burnier displayed, M. Lombard naturally thought that he was soliciting a pecuniary subscription, and received Burnier very drily. Not at all recognizing his person, he simply said, "Sir, I have my own list of poor." But being presently put upon the right scent by his visitor, he judged that Burnier had only come to ridicule him, or that he must have certainly lost his senses; and he therefore declared that he never would sign so ridiculous a document. At hearing these words, Burnier became violently enraged, and, seizing the old man by the throat, would have infallibly strangled him, but that M. Lombard fortunately rang the bell, which caused his servant to run to his assistance. The servant, a tall and powerful Picard, after having disengaged her master from Burnier's hand, told him stoutly that she would not suffer him to stir from the spot, and sent the porter to summon the *garde*. Burnier was arrested, a *procès verbal* and a trial ensued, and Burnier presented a most piteous figure on the bench of the accused.

The deposition of M. Lombard was not the least amusing part of the transaction.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must tell you, *par parenthèse*, that I think the accused is downright mad. His application to me was the less *à propos*, since I must inform you, *par parenthèse*, that I have a horrible dread of death. I can't even think of it for two minutes together without my face turning white, green, or yellow, according to the season. It was in vain that I drew his attention to this circumstance, and added, *par parenthèse*, 'Sir, I happen to be 60 years old, while you are only 40. It is not, therefore, to be presumed, that I shall be able to go to your funeral. For pity's sake, do not come to me as a *memento mori*, and do me the favour to make yourself scarce, *par parenthèse*.' His sole reply to this courteous observation, was a most horrible strangulation."

President.—Have you been unwell in consequence?

Complainant.—Most certainly, sir; and, *par parenthèse*, I was obliged to apply no fewer than twenty leeches.

The complainant's servant confirmed his testimony. "When I entered the room," she said, "Monsieur was on the point of giving up the ghost. Had I waited two minutes longer, I should have embraced a mummy."

Defendant.—Undoubtedly, although it was a villainous trait in the complainant to refuse me his signature, I should not have treated him as I did, but that he insulted me grossly by calling me "stupid," and told me, moreover, that if I did not go out through the door, he would send me through the window.

President.—You are sentenced to pay 150*l.* damages, and the costs besides.

Burnier counted out the money, and then coolly walked up to the President and requested his signature. The President refused it with a smile; and Burnier left the court, looking most scornfully, and shrugging his shoulders.

THE DEAD OF SOME NATIONS.

"EARTH to earth" and "dust to dust" seems to have been the undeviating custom of primordial man. Adam, according to Persian tradition, was *buried* in the Island of Serendib, and mighty lions, for a long period, guarded the burial-spot.

The resting-places of the first glorious woman of the world, are still pointed out by Holy-land gnostics—Eve and Sarai—Rebecca and Leah, slept their last sleep, all quietly in the dust.

Nor was it till later ages, that any other custom obtained, and that imported from a foreign land. Isaac was the first of the great patriarchate, who, by his son Joseph, was *swathed* in cere-cloths, and so embalmed, placed in one of the huge monolithical coffins of Egypt.

After, and in common with this, other strange practices crept into use, which furnish an extraordinary list, and curious theme to ponder on:—

Burning the bodies of the dead had probably its origin in the endeavor to prevent any insult or ill-treatment being offered them. This custom prevailed among the Greeks, Romans, Germans, Gauls, and others.

The *People of Chios*, and the *Old Romans*, not only burnt their dead, but beat the bones in a mortar, and when thus reduced to powder, sifted it through a sieve, and scattered the dust abroad by the winds. The body was also washed and rubbed with perfumes.

The *Northern People*, near the Rhipsean mountains used to bury the bodies of their dead in water.

In *Scythia*, they formerly kept the dead bodies of their parents affixed to the trunks of trees, in the snow and ice.

The *Macrobians* and *Ethiopians* having emptied and deprived the bodies of the dead of their flesh, covered the remains with plaster, on which a kind of fresco-painting was

laid, so as to represent, as nearly as possible, the natural body. This done, it was put into a glazed case or coffin. The nearest relatives kept it in their possession for one year, making offerings and oblations to it during that time, at the expiration of which, the body was removed to the environs of the city, and there buried.

The *Transjanes* removed the heart and intestines from the dead, bathed them in aromatic and spicy liquors, and then burnt them in honor of their gods. The ashes were carefully collected together, and replaced in the body, that no part might be found wanting at the day of resurrection.

The *Colchians* and *Tartars* suspended their dead upon the trees for three years, to be dried by the sun. When the desiccation was complete, they took down the bodies, and burnt them entire.

The *Persians*, as also the *Syrians*, and ancient *Arabians*, covered their dead with honey or wax, and so preserved them.

The *Tivitians*, a certain people of the kingdom of Guinea, dwelling about the river Orenouque, (so Erasmus Franciscus reports) mourned their dead with great wailing, and buried them. "When it is suspected that the flesh, through the process of putrefaction, has become separated from the bones, they dig it up afresh, hang up the skeleton in the house, decorate the skull with different coloured feathers, and affix plates of gold to the arms and thighs."

In the *Brasils*, a certain nation mourn the death of their kindred with extraordinary sorrow and weeping; then paint the body with various colours, and afterwards roll it in silk, lest it should be rudely touched by the earth in which it is placed.

"The Chinese children," says the above authority, "often preserve the bodies of their parents for three or four years, in the house, as a token of their devoted love and adoration; but the chinks of the coffin are so firmly glued up, that no noisome smell or putrefaction can offend the nostrils."

Such, and so various have been, and are (among many other) the modes of disposing of the dead. Yet cannot we but trace therein a species of rude love, and the lingerings of a powerful affection that strove to retain, even beyond death, the company and presence of their dead relations. Still was the body kept, though soulless and inanimate for the living to weep over, and even in the fanaticism of their grief, to converse with, and to fondle. Happy delusion! Temporary solace to the broken heart.

As to the Chinese, a changeless people, they still continue to make earthen-ware of their ancestors and relations—the mandarins, no doubt, china—the common people, *delf*!

THE UNKNOWN DAMSEL OF TOURS.*

Is the city of Tours formerly lived a Jew, rich and well-esteemed; he had a very beautiful daughter whose wit equalled her charms, and when she had grown to woman's estate, her father proposed to unite her to a young man of their tribe, who had no other possession but youth and his love; but these were not sufficient for the fair maid of Israel, who disdained him altogether.

Her father remonstrated with her in vain, and represented the worthlessness of all the children of Adam, and the superiority of young Tobias over the great and pompous of the earth. "But if you will not trust my experience, seek, my child," continued the sage Jew, "and judge for yourself. I will guide your researches, and I desire to see before the end of six months, three lovers, a prince, an abbé, and a knight at your feet, and overwhelmed with your contempt." Nothing could better suit the humour of the young coquette than this proposition, and it required no consideration to accept it at once. Accordingly she collected together a numerous suite of pages and attendants, surrounded herself with ladies, and being provided with rich clothes, gold, and jewels, set out on her expedition, taking the road to Bretagne.

A duke, king, or prince then reigned in Armoria, whose name it is not necessary to mention, suffice it that he was young, rich, handsome, and powerful. The fair Jewess appeared suddenly at his court, where her beauty and magnificence created the greatest possible sensation, but the mystery attached to her added new charms to all; in consequence of being bound by a vow, she was unable to declare her name, and could only be known as "the damsel concealed." The susceptible prince became very soon the slave of her eyes, nor did she appear to receive his professions with coldness, but her delicate reserve required him to defer his pretensions for six months, when the fair incognita appointed him a rendezvous at the town of Tours.

This conquest readily accomplished, she now began to look about for a priest on whom to try the force of her charms, and was not long before she contrived so to fascinate the heart of a young and handsome monk, that, forgetting his vows and all considerations but the hope of obtaining her favour, he listened too readily to her proposal to meet her in six months at Tours to hear his fate decided.

It was not likely that so much genius and beauty should seek in vain for a gallant knight who would fall before her arts, and the most distinguished paladin of the country was he who accepted her proposal of repairing on Good Friday to Tours at the end of six months, nothing doubting that the hand of his fair enchantress would reward his devotion.

So far all went well, and each adorer was

content; the Good Friday, the day appointed for all separately, arrived, and the three lovers repaired to the fair city, full of expectation and impatience. But a difficulty arose—the "Beautiful Concealed" had named no particular place of meeting, and, as her name was unknown, how was she to be found? The prince, the monk, and the knight, were all in an equal state of embarrassment! The prince sent emissaries to every quarter of the city, inquiring news of a young, rich, and fair personage, called The Unknown Damsel, but elicited nothing, and reproached himself too late with his remissness in not having been more particular in his appointment. The monk went begging from door to door in every street, but, as he of course avoided the Jew's quarter, he sped no better in his researches. As for the knight, whose valour surpassed his wit, he resorted to the expedient of issuing a challenge to all Touraine, proclaiming the transcendence of his unknown mistress, whose claims were not disputed by any appeal.

While they were all in this state of irritated suspense, one morning a billet was delivered to each, appointing them to seek a certain street, and there to inquire from house to house, asking what questions they thought requisite, till they should happily come to one where the answer to their demands would be, "I am yours!"

As soon as they got this intimation, each of the swains set out on his voyage of discovery. The Jew, in disguise, failed not to watch their movements, and had no little satisfaction in observing them knock at the different doors one after the other, asking and importuning the inhabitants, who, at each question of a new comer, began to grow more impatient, till, at length, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar, and the "unknown damsel" consigned to perdition by all their gods.

The monk, who had had the start of the others, arrived at last at the house where the preconceived answer invited him in, and with great delight he entered a dark passage, and threaded the dim mazes of a gloomy corridor, till he found himself in a large chamber, where, however, no light greeted him.

He had not been long there when the prince arrived, and, being led into the same room, where he caught, as the door opened, the sight of drapery, he hurried forward, and caught in his arms the form of the astonished monk, who began to roar out lustily, not being certain that the author of ill himself had not embraced him.

At the sound of such a voice, and the buffets which ensued, the prince drew back, when a third came to the attack in the shape of the knight, who, finding so different a reception to that he had anticipated, began to lay about him stoutly, and the house soon rang with clamour and the echo of blows given and received. All night the three unfortunate lovers were confined in this retreat, and when

* From Miss Costello's "Summer among the Romans and Vikings."

morning dawned, they exhibited such unpleasant marks of their nocturnal contention, that they were glad to observe an outlet, which permitted them to escape into the street, and repair to their several abodes.

Breathing vengeance against the deceitful authoress of their mishap, they all recommenced their attempts to discover her, but were suddenly stopped in their career by receiving another billet (the lady appears to have had much learning for her time,) informing them of the real name and condition of their lady-love, and adding that she was now the wife of Tobias, the young Jew, whom she preferred to them all, with whom she had left Tours, and desired no further communication with either of her adorers, whose Christian virtues she not very tenderly adverted to.

Neither of the gentlemen felt particularly proud of the adventure, and considering it as wise to say no more about it, quietly left Tours, and returned whither their avocations called them; the prince to his kingdom, the monk to his convent, where, as he had supplied himself with charitable contributions, no questions were asked, and the knight probably to make a figure in the Holy War.

NUMISMATICS.

THE GREAT RECOINAGE OF 1690.

(From *Ahernan's Numismatic Manual*.)

CLIPPING and false coining had for some time been carried on to an alarming extent, and at length roused the attention of Parliament, who appointed a committee to inquire into the abuse. The committee proposed a general recoinage as a remedy for the evil, when the recommendation was debated in the house, and finally adopted. The great recoinage, which occupied nearly four years, was completed in 1699. The total amount of silver coined was—

In the Tower Mint . . .	£5,091,121	7	7
Country Mints . . .	1,791,787	12	0

Total	£6,882,908	19	7
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The Mint charges amounted to 179,431*l.* 6*s.* and the charges and consequent losses are supposed to have been equal to 2,700,000*l.*

In our own time, the extensive coinages in the Royal Mint from the year 1816 to 1822 amounted to 7,402,236*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.*

In pulling down, lately, the walls of a cellar in the fish-market at Louvain, a vase was found, containing about 5,000 small pieces of silver coin, of the 12th and 13th centuries, belonging to Brabant, Hainault, and Flanders, most of them in perfect preservation.

Last week, as several men were engaged in excavating a ditch on Wormwood Scrubbs, near Shepherd's-bush, they found a number of ancient silver coins, of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, in a state of good preservation.

MADAME THILLON,

THE ENGLISH PRIMA DONNA.

CARL MARIA WEBER, when in London, was retiring in the evening to his modest apartment in the city, overwhelmed by his sufferings both of mind and body, thinking of his beloved wife in Germany—of that wife who was to see him no more. A voice struck his ears, and restored him, as it were, to a new existence. "It is the voice of an angel!" he exclaimed, at the same time running towards the open window of a house, where a little girl, as fair indeed as a cherub, was singing with a naïf and pure accent, one of the olden national ballads of Scotland. The child smiled at the enthusiast; her delicate hands threw back the fine curls of hair that shaded her uncovered shoulders, and she opened her little arms to the stranger who was repeating—"You are an angel! You sing like the angels!"

Weber, entering the house, had got the juvenile singer in his arms, before he thought of apologizing to her mother for the intrusion. But Mrs. Hunt, the mother of the little singer, belonging to one of the aristocratic families of England, knew the glorious personage who had just placed the charming little creature upon his knees, and she was proud, indeed, of the unexpected visit of the great maestro.

"You ought, madame," said he to the mother, "to be thankful to God for the blessed gift he has imparted to your daughter; you must cultivate it; a day must come when a thousand voices will welcome her; when thousands of hands will unite to applaud her, and show the truth of my prediction." Mrs. Hunt received the warning with a haughty smile; her noble ancestors, the large fortune of her husband, and the luxury with which she was surrounded, could not allow her to consider as possible the accomplishment of such a prophecy. Weber, in rapture, left little Anna and her mother; he was to call again on the next day—and on the next day he did not call!—for he was seated in heaven between Mozart and Gluck.

Yet the dying man was right; his words were to be realized! Fifteen years after, a young woman, fair as the child of the city, naïve and graceful like her, and called by the sweet name of Anna, was singing at Clermont, in the rooms of Baron de Barante, and Onslow repeating to her the very words of Weber—"You sing like the angels!"

Various reports about the young cantatrice were circulated and credited among people of fashion. She was said to be the daughter of a rich merchant of London, whose wealth had disappeared in adventurous and unlucky speculations; that the loss of fortune had compelled her mother to leave England, and come over to France in quest of a retirement for a humble living. These and some other observations created a lively sensation at Clermont,

and all aristocratic houses were opened to the fair Anna.

Miss Hunt subsequently became Madame Thillon. She left the modest stage of Clermont for the theatre of Nantes, where, during two years, she met with the most flattering reception. She was on the point of leaving France for Italy, when M. Antenor Joly heard her, and hastened to make proposals, which were accepted, for an engagement at *La Renaissance*, in Paris, where she achieved, in the opera of "Lady Melvil," a most decided triumph. The operas of *L'Eau Merveilleuse* and *La Chaste Susanne* are in reality indebted to her for their extraordinary attraction, and she has given to Lucie de Lamemoor the true and highly poetical colouring which belongs to the heroine of Walter Scott.

From the last Parisian accounts, the "Angel-Singer" had lately made her debut at the Salle Favart, in Anber's celebrated opera of *La Neige*, with a success that will acknowledge but few precedents in the annals of the opera comique.—*Courier Journal*.

SLEEP, DREAMS, AND APPARITIONS.*

THERE undoubtedly exists an analogy between the body and the mind, inasmuch as any portion of our physical nature—the muscles for instance—when it has been overworked, has a feeling of fatigue, and this exertion cannot be carried on beyond a certain point; and in the same way the organs of sense cannot carry on their functions beyond a certain point, and then they require repose. When one fixes one's eye for a certain time upon one particular object, the sensibility of the organ gets exhausted, and the mind no longer perceives the object.

Certain organs require no repose, the organs of circulation, for instance; the heart always continues its action, and never feels fatigue. This repose in which the organs are plunged constitutes sleep.

The duration of sleep is different in different persons. Monsieur de Buffon was so great a sleeper that he was obliged to hire a servant to wake him, giving him five francs every time he succeeded in getting him up by a certain hour, and the servant, rather than lose his five francs, would occasionally throw jugs of water into his sleeping master's face.

Grattan, the Irish orator, used to have a shower-bath over his head, which was so constructed as to pour its contents upon his face at a certain hour, effectually waking the sleeping patriot.

Sleep varies in its duration in people of good health from half an hour to fourteen hours in the twenty-four. But persons in a state of disease have kept awake for weeks, months,

and even years. In nervous diseases, on the other hand, parties will sleep for weeks, months, and years. Dreams are nothing else than the produce of a certain faculty of the mind, called conception, when it exercises its functions during sleep. The succession of ideas which has passed through our minds when awake, is often remembered and recalled during sleep, and that is what is called dreaming. Dreams generally take place when the circulation of the blood is impeded. Our memory is often more distinct and strong when we dream than when we are awake. It is because, when we are asleep, the association of ideas goes on without being disturbed or counteracted, and there is no controlling power over it. The febrile sleep is an imperfect one, and the mind becomes highly susceptible of being affected by external and internal sensations. Thus, a person labouring under a fever, will dream in his sleep that he is walking over Vesuvius or Etna.

An impeded digestion is very liable to give rise to disagreeable dreams.

The most extraordinary of all classes of dreams are the prophetic dreams, in which the future is revealed to the dreamer. Most of our readers are acquainted with the facts connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the singularly prophetic dream of Mr. Williams.

To the late Sir Humphrey Davy, however, a still more remarkable instance occurred. When young, and ill of the typhus fever, he dreamed he saw a dark-haired and dark-eyed young lady, with whom he fell in love. Years after he went to the Continent, and there met with the identical party, and it was to her care that he owed the complete restoration of his health, and is believed to have married her. There are a great number of such dreams recorded.

The ancients paid great attention to dreams. A decree was published under Augustus, commanding that every one who dreamed a remarkable dream should report the same to the government.

It is certain that the mind possesses sometimes in dreams an *a priori* knowledge, which is highly remarkable. It is sometimes the same just before the moment of death. But the fulfilment of dreams is by no means astonishing, generally speaking. Take the population of London, viz., nearly 2,000,000, and reflect that one half of these have dreams every night, there will be about 300,000,000 of dreams per year. Now, is it astonishing, that amongst this immense number of dreams one or two should be fancies that really come to take place. The dreams that are realised are noted or remarked upon, but no notice is taken of the immense number that are never realised. It is natural, according to the doctrine of chances, that a few should turn out to be true. Some examples of the effect of sleep are very extraordinary.

Once a person went to sleep as he was

* Condensed from a lecture on the above subject, delivered by Dr. Casner, at the Mechanics' Institution, Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1840.

chanting a psalm, and after being unconscious for a long time awoke, and began singing precisely where he had left off.

Again, an old lady is recorded to have gone to sleep whilst playing at whist, and on awaking several days after, cried out, "what's trumps!"

With respect to apparitions, they are produced by optical illusions or by the force of the imagination. Thus, the ancients had put down an island upon their chart which has been ascertained in modern times not to exist, though a crew in a ship placed at a distance from the spot would often fancy there was the appearance of an island before them. It was an optical illusion. The illusions produced by "mirage" are often surprising.

The force of the imagination is also wonderful. Many a patient has owed his recovery to his physician making him imagine he was conquering his disease. At Montpellier, in France, a physician exemplified the force of the imagination by blindfolding a criminal condemned to death, and persuading him that he was being bled to death. The criminal positively died under the imaginary bleeding.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

(From the Scotsman.)

If we take 100 to represent the whole of a woman's chances of marriage, between the ages of 15 and 70, the proportional chances, in each period of five years, will be as follows:—

Age	Chances of Marriage.	
15 and under 20	...	14½
20	...	52
25	...	18
30	...	6½
35	...	3½
40	...	2½
45	...	1½
50	...	1
55	...	1
60	...	1
65	...	1
70	...	1
		100

From the table it appears—

1. That one-seventh part of all the females who marry in England, are married between the ages of 15 and 20, or one-seventh part of a woman's chances of marriage lies between those years.

2. That fully one-half of all the women who marry, are married between 20 and 25, or one-half of a woman's chances are comprised within these five years.

3. That between 15 and 25, precisely two-thirds of a woman's chances of marriage are exhausted, and only one-third remains for the rest of her life up to 70.

4. That at 30, no less than 85 chances out of the 100 are gone, and 15, or about one-seventh, only remain. She has strong reason now for improving her time.

5. At 35, a fraction, a tenth, is all that remains to her, which is reduced to a twentieth at 40.

6. At 45, her chances of marriage have sunk to one-fortieth; and at 50, to one-hundredth. At 60, there is still a glimmering of hope, for it appears that among females, about one marriage in 1,000, takes place at, and beyond, this age.

The number of women married between 15 and 20, is six times greater than the number of men.

The number of men and women married between 20 and 25, is very nearly equal, but the number of men married at all higher ages is greater than the number of women.

TOMB AND EXHUMATION OF

AGNES SOREL.

AGNES SOREL.—La Belle des Belles—at the age of forty, was still the most lovely woman in France, adored by the king, respected and beloved by the people, when death suddenly carried off "the most repleished sweet work of nature," whether by natural disease, or by poison, was never ascertained. Agnes died at the Château de Menil, near Jumèges, when on her way to join Charles in Normandy. According to her desire, her body was taken to Loches, where it was placed in a black marble tomb, in the choir of the collegiate church. Louis XVI., in consequence of the reiterated requests of the canons of Loches, authorized the translation of the tomb of Agnes to the nave of the church, with the special clause that no part of the body was to be disturbed; for it was imagined, not without reason, that respect for the dead would not be strong enough to repress the natural desire to appropriate some of these precious remains.

On the 8th of March, 1777, the first exhumation of the body of the fair Agnes took place. After opening the tomb, a sort of vaulted celi was discovered beneath the marble of the sarcophagus, in which reposed a coffin of oak enclosing another of lead, which was partly decayed; this covered a third of cedar-wood, in which lay the object of so much care; the head was entire, but all save the bones had disappeared: the teeth, which were very fine, were all uninjured, and the hair was there in all its beauty; two long floating ringlets depended at each side of what had been the face, and the long tresses behind were from eighteen to twenty inches long: the colour was of a clear brown.

The surgeon who assisted at the opening of the tomb, it appears, could not resist his desire to become the possessor of one of these beautiful tresses; but, so soon as the theft was

had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears mere. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over; but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me: and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the church-yard over its little grave, the welcome grave helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast.

Dear, but disappointed Love.

I have wasted my life in one long sigh; nor ever (till too late) beheld a gentle face turned gently upon mine! But no! not too late, if that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears. A purple light hovers round my head. The air of love is in the room. As I look at my long-neglected copy of the Death of Clorinda, golden gleams play upon the canvas, as they used when I painted it. . . . I am as when my life began, the rainbow is in the sky again. The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain: I am not utterly worthless—unregarded; nor shall I die and wither of pure scorn. Now could I sit on the tomb of liberty, and write a hymn to Love. Or if I am deceived, let me be deceived still. Let me live in the Elysium of those soft looks: poison me with kisses, kill me with smiles; but still mock me with thy love!

THE DEATH HUNTER.*

THE tribunal of Correctional Police has just been occupied with the most *bizarre* affair which has for some time been recorded.

Isidore Burnier appears to have been beset by a most singular monomania. He was terribly afraid of having no person to attend his funeral, and, like the poor man in the story, of being followed to the grave only by his dog.

To prevent, as far as in him lay, the occurrence of what he deemed a most frightful calamity, Burnier had made a little paper book, and written these words at the head of the first page:—

"I hereby engage, on my honour, to assist at the convey, funeral service, and interment of M. Isidore Burnier, when we shall have the misfortune to lose him, in the event of my surviving him; and M. Isidore Burnier engages on his side to assist at my obsequies, should I die before him."

Armed with this document, Burnier went to all his friends and acquaintances, with a view to obtaining their signatures at its foot.

* From the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Burnier never went from home for an instant without his paper-book in his pocket. If he was in an evening *salon*, he entreated the signature of every person present; if at a dinner-party, he never waited beyond the dessert to beg of the guests, young and old, to join their names to those who had already entered into the solemn engagement. Every individual whom he happened to meet once, and whose signature he had not an opportunity at that moment of soliciting, was sure to receive a visit from Burnier, book in hand, like a man who goes about looking for subscriptions.

One morning, he presented himself in this way, at the residence of M. Lombard, a respectable sexagenarian, whom he had seen the evening before for the first time in his life at a *café*, playing a game of dominoes. Upon seeing the 300 or 400 signatures which Burnier displayed, M. Lombard naturally thought that he was soliciting a pecuniary subscription, and received Burnier very drily. Not at all recognizing his person, he simply said, "Sir, I have my own list of poor." But being presently put upon the right scent by his visitor, he judged that Burnier had only come to ridicule him, or that he must have certainly lost his senses; and he therefore declared that he never would sign so ridiculous a document. At hearing these words, Burnier became violently enraged, and, seizing the old man by the throat, would have infallibly strangled him, but that M. Lombard fortunately rang the bell, which caused his servant to run to his assistance. The servant, a tall and powerful Picard, after having disengaged her master from Burnier's hand, told him stoutly that she would not suffer him to stir from the spot, and sent the porter to summon the *garde*. Burnier was arrested, a *procès verbal* and a trial ensued, and Burnier presented a most piteous figure on the bench of the accused.

The deposition of M. Lombard was not the least amusing part of the transaction.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must tell you, *par parenthèse*, that I think the accused is downright mad. His application to me was the less *à propos*, since I must inform you, *par parenthèse*, that I have a horrible dread of death. I can't even think of it for two minutes together without my face turning white, green, or yellow, according to the season. It was in vain that I drew his attention to this circumstance, and added, *par parenthèse*, 'Sir, I happen to be 60 years old, while you are only 40. It is not, therefore, to be presumed, that I shall be able to go to your funeral. For pity's sake, do not come to me as a *memento mori*, and do me the favour to make yourself scarce, *par parenthèse*.' His sole reply to this courteous observation, was a most horrible strangulation."

President.—Have you been unwell in consequence?

Complainant.—Most certainly, sir; and, *par parenthèse*, I was obliged to apply no fewer than twenty leeches.

The complainant's servant confirmed his testimony. "When I entered the room," she said, "Monsieur was on the point of giving up the ghost. Had I waited two minutes longer, I should have embraced a mummy."

Defendant.—Undoubtedly, although it was a villainous trait in the complainant to refuse me his signature, I should not have treated him as I did, but that he insulted me grossly by calling me "stupid," and told me, moreover, that if I did not go out through the door, he would send me through the window.

President.—You are sentenced to pay 150*l.* damages, and the costs besides.

Burnier counted out the money, and then coolly walked up to the President and requested his signature. The President refused it with a smile; and Burnier left the court, looking most scornfully, and shrugging his shoulders.

THE DEAD OF SOME NATIONS.

"Earth to earth" and "dust to dust" seems to have been the undeviating custom of primeval man. Adam, according to Persian tradition, was buried in the Island of Serendib, and mighty lions, for a long period, guarded the burial-spot.

The resting-places of the first glorious women of the world, are still pointed out by Holy-land gnostics—Eve and Sarai—Rebecca and Leah, slept their last sleep, all quietly in the dust.

Nor was it till later ages, that any other custom obtained, and that imported from a foreign land. Isaac was the first of the great patriarchate, who, by his son Joseph, was swathed in cere-cloths, and so embalmed, placed in one of the huge monolithical coffins of Egypt.

After, and in common with this, other strange practices crept into use, which furnish an extraordinary list, and curious theme to ponder on:—

Burning the bodies of the dead had probably its origin in the endeavor to prevent any insult or ill-treatment being offered them. This custom prevailed among the Greeks, Romans, Germans, Gauls, and others.

The People of Chios, and the Old Romans, not only burnt their dead, but beat the bones in a mortar, and when thus reduced to powder, sifted it through a sieve, and scattered the dust abroad by the winds. The body was also washed and rubbed with perfumes.

The Northern People, near the Rhiphæan mountains used to bury the bodies of their dead in water.

In *Scythia*, they formerly kept the dead bodies of their parents affixed to the trunks of trees, in the snow and ice.

The Macrobians and Ethiopians having emptied and deprived the bodies of the dead of their flesh, covered the remains with plaster, on which a kind of fresco-painting was

laid, so as to represent, as nearly as possible, the natural body. This done, it was put into a glazed case or coffin. The nearest relatives kept it in their possession for one year, making offerings and oblations to it during that time, at the expiration of which, the body was removed to the environs of the city, and there buried.

The Transianes removed the heart and intestines from the dead, bathed them in aromatic and spicy liquors, and then burnt them in honor of their gods. The ashes were carefully collected together, and replaced in the body, that no part might be found wanting at the day of resurrection.

The Colchians and Tartars suspended their dead upon the trees for three years, to be dried by the sun. When the desiccation was complete, they took down the bodies, and burnt them entire.

The Persians, as also the *Syrians*, and ancient *Arabians*, covered their dead with honey or wax, and so preserved them.

The Tivitiæ, a certain people of the kingdom of Guinea, dwelling about the river Orinocoque, (so Erasmus Franciscus reports) mourned their dead with great wailing, and buried them. "When it is suspected that the flesh, through the process of putrefaction, has become separated from the bones, they dig it up afresh, hang up the skeleton in the house, decorate the skull with different coloured feathers, and affix plates of gold to the arms and thighs."

In the *Brasils*, a certain nation mourn the death of their kindred with extraordinary sorrow and weeping; then paint the body with various colours, and afterwards roll it in silk, lest it should be rudely touched by the earth in which it is placed.

"*The Chinese* children," says the above authority, "often preserve the bodies of their parents for three or four years, in the house, as a token of their devoted love and adoration; but the chinks of the coffin are so firmly glued up, that no noisome smell or putrefaction can offend the nostrils."

Such, and so various have been, and are (among many other) the modes of disposing of the dead. Yet cannot we but trace therein a species of rude love, and the lingerings of a powerful affection that strove to retain, even beyond death, the company and presence of their dead relations. Still was the body kept, though soulless and inanimate for the living to weep over, and even in the fanaticism of their grief, to converse with, and to fondle. Happy delusion! Temporary solace to the broken heart.

As to the *Chinese*, a changeless people, they still continue to make earthen-ware of their ancestors and relations—the mandarins, no doubt, china—the common people, self!

THE UNKNOWN DAMSEL OF TOURS.*

In the city of Tours formerly lived a Jew, rich and well-esteemed; he had a very beautiful daughter whose wit equalled her charms, and when she had grown to woman's estate, her father proposed to unite her to a young man of their tribe, who had no other possession but youth and his love; but these were not sufficient for the fair maid of Israel, who disdained him altogether.

Her father remonstrated with her in vain, and represented the worthlessness of all the children of Adam, and the superiority of young Tobias over the great and pompous of the earth. "But if you will not trust my experience, seek, my child," continued the sage Jew, "and judge for yourself. I will guide your researches, and I desire to see before the end of six months, three lovers, a prince, an abbe, and a knight at your feet, and overwhelmed with your contempt." Nothing could better suit the humour of the young coquette than this proposition, and it required no consideration to accept it at once. Accordingly she collected together a numerous suite of pages and attendants, surrounded herself with ladies, and being provided with rich clothes, gold, and jewels, set out on her expedition, taking the road to Bretagne.

A duke, king, or prince then reigned in Armorica, whose name it is not necessary to mention, suffice it that he was young, rich, handsome, and powerful. The fair Jewess appeared suddenly at his court, where her beauty and magnificence created the greatest possible sensation, but the mystery attached to her added new charms to all; in consequence of being bound by a vow, she was unable to declare her name, and could only be known as "the damsel concealed." The susceptible prince became very soon the slave of her eyes, nor did she appear to receive his professions with coldness, but her delicate reserve required him to defer his pretensions for six months, when the fair incognita appointed him a rendezvous at the town of Tours.

This conquest readily accomplished, she now began to look about for a priest on whom to try the force of her charms, and was not long before she contrived so to fascinate the heart of a young and handsome monk, that, forgetting his vows and all considerations but the hope of obtaining her favour, he listened too readily to her proposal to meet her in six months at Tours to hear his fate decided.

It was not likely that so much genius and beauty should seek in vain for a gallant knight who would fall before her arts, and the most distinguished paladin of the country was he who accepted her proposal of repairing on Good Friday to Tours at the end of six months, nothing doubting that the hand of his fair enchantress would reward his devotion.

So far all went well, and each adorer was

content; the Good Friday, the day appointed for all separately, arrived, and the three lovers repaired to the fair city, full of expectation and impatience. But a difficulty arose—the "Beautiful Concealed" had named no particular place of meeting, and, as her name was unknown, how was she to be found! The prince, the monk, and the knight, were all in an equal state of embarrassment! The prince sent emissaries to every quarter of the city, inquiring news of a young, rich, and fair personage, called The Unknown Damsel, but elicited nothing, and reproached himself too late with his remissness in not having been more particular in his appointment. The monk went begging from door to door in every street, but, as he of course avoided the Jew's quarter, he sped no better in his researches. As for the knight, whose valour surpassed his wit, he resorted to the expedient of issuing a challenge to all Touraine, proclaiming the transcendence of his unknown mistress, whose claims were not disputed by any appeal.

While they were all in this state of irritated suspense, one morning a billet was delivered to each, appointing them to seek a certain street, and there to inquire from house to house, asking what questions they thought requisite, till they should happily come to one where the answers to their demands would be, "I am yours!"

As soon as they got this intimation, each of the swains set out on his voyage of discovery. The Jew, in disguise, failed not to watch their movements, and had no little satisfaction in observing them knock at the different doors one after the other, asking and importuning the inhabitants, who, at each question of a new comer, began to grow more impatient, till, at length, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar, and the "unknown damsel" consigned to perdition by all their gods.

The monk, who had had the start of the others, arrived at last at the house where the preconcerted answer invited him in, and with great delight he entered a dark passage, and threaded the dim mazes of a gloomy corridor, till he found himself in a large chamber, where, however, no light greeted him.

He had not been long there when the prince arrived, and, being led into the same room, where he caught, as the door opened, the sight of drapery, he hurried forward, and caught in his arms the form of the astonished monk, who began to roar out lustily, not being certain that the author of ill himself had not embraced him.

At the sound of such a voice, and the buffets which ensued, the prince drew back, when a third came to the attack in the shape of the knight, who, finding so different a reception to that he had anticipated, began to lay about him stoutly, and the house soon rang with clamour and the echo of blows given and received. All night the three unfortunate lovers were confined in this retreat, and when

* From Miss Costello's "Summer among the Bretons and Vines."

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morning dawned, they exhibited such unpleasant marks of their nocturnal contention, that they were glad to observe an outlet, which permitted them to escape into the street, and repair to their several abodes.

Breathing vengeance against the deceitful authoress of their mishap, they all recommenced their attempts to discover her, but were suddenly stopped in their career by receiving another billet (the lady appears to have had much learning for her time,) informing them of the real name and condition of their lady-love, and adding that she was now the wife of Tobias, the young Jew, whom she preferred to them all, with whom she had left Tours, and desired no further communication with either of her adorers, whose Christian virtues she not very tenderly adverted to.

Neither of the gentlemen felt particularly proud of the adventure, and considering it as wise to say no more about it, quietly left Tours, and returned whither their avocations called them; the prince to his kingdom, the monk to his convent, where, as he had supplied himself with charitable contributions, no questions were asked, and the knight probably to make a figure in the Holy War.

NUMISMATICS.

THE GREAT RECOINAGE OF 1690.

(From *Akerman's Numismatic Manual*.)

CLIPPING and false coining had for some time been carried on to an alarming extent, and at length roused the attention of Parliament, who appointed a committee to inquire into the abuse. The committee proposed a general recoinage as a remedy for the evil, when the recommendation was debated in the house, and finally adopted. The great recoinage, which occupied nearly four years, was completed in 1699. The total amount of silver coined was—

In the Tower Mint . . .	£5,091,121	7	7
Country Mints . . .	1,791,787	12	0

Total	£6,882,908	19	7
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The Mint charges amounted to 179,431*l.* 6*s.* and the charges and consequent losses are supposed to have been equal to 2,700,000*l.*

In our own time, the extensive coinages in the Royal Mint from the year 1816 to 1822 amounted to 7,402,236*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.*

In pulling down, lately, the walls of a cellar in the fish-market at Louvain, a vase was found, containing about 5,000 small pieces of silver coin, of the 12th and 13th centuries, belonging to Brabant, Hainault, and Flanders, most of them in perfect preservation.

Last week, as several men were engaged in excavating a ditch on Wormwood Scrubbe, near Shepherd's-bush, they found a number of ancient silver coins, of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, in a state of good preservation.

MADAME THILLON,

THE ENGLISH PRIMA DONNA.

CARL MARIA WEBER, when in London, was retiring in the evening to his modest apartment in the city, overwhelmed by his sufferings both of mind and body, thinking of his beloved wife in Germany—of that wife who was to see him no more. A voice struck his ears, and restored him, as it were, to a new existence. "It is the voice of an angel!" he exclaimed, at the same time running towards the open window of a house, where a little girl, as fair indeed as a cherub, was singing with a *naïf* and pure accent, one of the olden national ballads of Scotland. The child smiled at the enthusiast; her delicate hands threw back the fine curls of hair that shaded her uncovered shoulders, and she opened her little arms to the stranger who was repeating—"You are an angel! You sing like the angels!"

Weber, entering the house, had got the juvenile singer in his arms, before he thought of apologizing to her mother for the intrusion. But Mrs. Hunt, the mother of the little singer, belonging to one of the aristocratic families of England, knew the glorious personage who had just placed the charming little creature upon his knees, and she was proud, indeed, of the unexpected visit of the great maestro.

"You ought, madame," said he to the mother, "to be thankful to God for the blessed gift he has imparted to your daughter; you must cultivate it; a day must come when a thousand voices will welcome her; when thousands of hands will unite to applaud her, and show the truth of my prediction." Mrs. Hunt received the warning with a haughty smile; her noble ancestors, the large fortune of her husband, and the luxury with which she was surrounded, could not allow her to consider as possible the accomplishment of such a prophecy. Weber, in rapture, left little Anna and her mother; he was to call again on the next day—and on the next day he did not call!—for he was seated in heaven between Mozart and Gluck.

Yet the dying man was right; his words were to be realized! Fifteen years after, a young woman, fair as the child of the city, *naïve* and graceful like her, and called by the sweet name of Anna, was singing at Clermont, in the rooms of Baron de Barante, and Onslow repeating to her the very words of Weber—"You sing like the angels!"

Various reports about the young cantatrice were circulated and credited among people of fashion. She was said to be the daughter of a rich merchant of London, whose wealth had disappeared in adventurous and unlucky speculations; that the loss of fortune had compelled her mother to leave England, and come over to France in quest of a retirement for a humble living. These and some other observations created a lively sensation at Clermont,

and all aristocratic houses were opened to the fair Anna.

Miss Hunt subsequently became Madame Thillon. She left the modest stage of Clermont for the theatre of Nantes, where, during two years, she met with the most flattering reception. She was on the point of leaving France for Italy, when M. Antenor Joly heard her, and hastened to make proposals, which were accepted, for an engagement at *La Renaissance*, in Paris, where she achieved, in the opera of "Lady Melvil," a most decided triumph. The operas of *L'Eau Merveilleuse* and *La Chaste Suzanne* are in reality indebted to her for their extraordinary attraction, and she has given to Lucie de Lamermoor the true and highly poetical colouring which belongs to the heroine of Walter Scott.

From the last Parisian accounts, the "Angel-Singer" had lately made her debut at the Salle Favart, in Auber's celebrated opera of *La Neige*, with a success that will acknowledge but few precedents in the annals of the opera comique.—*Court Journal*.

SLEEP, DREAMS, AND APPARITIONS.*

THERE undoubtedly exists an analogy between the body and the mind, inasmuch as any portion of our physical nature—the muscles for instance—when it has been overworked, has a feeling of fatigue, and this exertion cannot be carried on beyond a certain point; and in the same way the organs of sense cannot carry on their functions beyond a certain point, and then they require repose. When one fixes one's eye for a certain time upon one particular object, the sensibility of the organ gets exhausted, and the mind no longer perceives the object.

Certain organs require no repose, the organs of circulation, for instance; the heart always continues its action, and never feels fatigue. This repose in which the organs are plunged constitutes sleep.

The duration of sleep is different in different persons. Monsieur de Buffon was so great a sleeper that he was obliged to hire a servant to wake him, giving him five francs every time he succeeded in getting him up by a certain hour, and the servant, rather than lose his five francs, would occasionally throw jugs of water into his sleeping master's face.

Grattan, the Irish orator, used to have a shower-bath over his head, which was so constructed as to pour its contents upon his face at a certain hour, effectually waking the sleeping patriot.

Sleep varies in its duration in people of good health from half an hour to fourteen hours in the twenty-four. But persons in a state of disease have kept awake for weeks, months,

and even years. In nervous diseases, on the other hand, parties will sleep for weeks, months, and years. Dreams are nothing else than the produce of a certain faculty of the mind, called conception, when it exercises its functions during sleep. The succession of ideas which has passed through our minds when awake, is often remembered and recalled during sleep, and that is what is called dreaming. Dreams generally take place when the circulation of the blood is impeded. Our memory is often more distinct and strong when we dream than when we are awake. It is because, when we are asleep, the association of ideas goes on without being disturbed or counteracted, and there is no controlling power over it. The febrile sleep is an imperfect one, and the mind becomes highly susceptible of being affected by external and internal sensations. Thus, a person labouring under a fever, will dream in his sleep that he is walking over Vesuvius or Etna.

An impeded digestion is very liable to give rise to disagreeable dreams.

The most extraordinary of all classes of dreams are the prophetic dreams, in which the future is revealed to the dreamer. Most of our readers are acquainted with the facts connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the singularly prophetic dream of Mr. Williams.

To the late Sir Humphrey Davy, however, a still more remarkable instance occurred. When young, and ill of the typhus fever, he dreamed he saw a dark-haired and dark-eyed young lady, with whom he fell in love. Years after he went to the Continent, and there met with the identical party, and it was to her care that he owed the complete restoration of his health, and is believed to have married her. There are a great number of such dreams recorded.

The ancients paid great attention to dreams. A decree was published under Augustus, commanding that every one who dreamed a remarkable dream should report the same to the government.

It is certain that the mind possesses sometimes in dreams an *à priori* knowledge, which is highly remarkable. It is sometimes the same just before the moment of death. But the fulfilment of dreams is by no means astonishing, generally speaking. Take the population of London, viz., nearly 2,000,000, and reflect that one half of these have dreams every night, there will be about 300,000,000 of dreams per year. Now, is it astonishing, that amongst this immense number of dreams one or two should be fancies that really come to take place. The dreams that are realised are noted or remarked upon, but no notice is taken of the immense number that are never realised. It is natural, according to the doctrine of chances, that a few should turn out to be true. Some examples of the effect of sleep are very extraordinary.

Once a person went to sleep as he was

* Condensed from a lecture on the above subject, delivered by Dr. Cantor, at the Mechanics' Institution, Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1840.

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chanting a psalm, and after being unconscious for a long time awoke, and began singing precisely where he had left off.

Again, an old lady is recorded to have gone to sleep whilst playing at whist, and on awaking several days after, cried out, "what's trumps?"

With respect to apparitions, they are produced by optical illusions or by the force of the imagination. Thus, the ancients had put down an island upon their chart which has been ascertained in modern times not to exist, though a crew in a ship placed at a distance from the spot would often fancy there was the appearance of an island before them. It was an optical illusion. The illusions produced by "mirage" are often surprising.

The force of the imagination is also wonderful. Many a patient has owed his recovery to his physician making him imagine he was conquering his disease. At Montpelier, in France, a physician exemplified the force of the imagination by blindfolding a criminal condemned to death, and persuading him that he was being bled to death. The criminal positively died under the imaginary bleeding.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

(From the Scotsman.)

If we take 100 to represent the whole of a woman's chances of marriage, between the ages of 15 and 70, the proportional chances, in each period of five years, will be as follows:—

Age	Chances of Marriage.		
15 and under 20	14½
20	...	25	52
25	...	30	18
30	...	35	6½
35	...	40	3½
40	...	45	2½
45	...	50	1½
50	...	55	¾
55	...	60	¼
60	...	65	{ one-
65	...	70	
			tenth.
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From the table it appears—

1. That one-seventh part of all the females who marry in England, are married between the ages of 15 and 20, or one-seventh part of a woman's chances of marriage lies between those years.
2. That fully one-half of all the women who marry, are married between 20 and 25, or one-half of a woman's chances are comprised within those five years.
3. That between 15 and 25, precisely two-thirds of a woman's chances of marriage are exhausted, and only one-third remains for the rest of her life up to 70.

4. That at 30, no less than 85 chances out of the 100 are gone, and 15, or about one-seventh, only remain. She has strong reason now for improving her time.

5. At 35, a fraction, a tenth, is all that remains to her, which is reduced to a twentieth at 40.

6. At 45, her chances of marriage have sunk to one-fortieth; and at 50, to one-hundredth. At 60, there is still a glimmering of hope, for it appears that among females, about one marriage in 1,000, takes place at, and beyond, this age.

The number of women married between 15 and 20, is six times greater than the number of men.

The number of men and women married between 20 and 25, is very nearly equal, but the number of men married at all higher ages is greater than the number of women.

TOMB AND EXHUMATION OF

AGNES SOREL.

AGNES SOREL,—La Belle des Belles—at the age of forty, was still the most lovely woman in France, adored by the king, respected and beloved by the people, when death suddenly carried off "the most replenished sweet work of nature," whether by natural disease, or by poison, was never ascertained. Agnes died at the Château de Menil, near Jumièges, when on her way to join Charles in Normandy. According to her desire, her body was taken to Loches, where it was placed in a black marble tomb, in the choir of the collegiate church. Louis XVI., in consequence of the reiterated requests of the canons of Loches, authorized the translation of the tomb of Agnes to the nave of the church, with the special clause that no part of the body was to be disturbed; for it was imagined, not without reason, that respect for the dead would not be strong enough to repress the natural desire to appropriate some of these precious remains.

On the 5th of March, 1777, the first exhumation of the body of the fair Agnes took place. After opening the tomb, a sort of vaulted cell was discovered beneath the marble of the sarcophagus, in which reposed a coffin of oak enclosing another of lead, which was partly decayed; this covered a third of cedar-wood, in which lay the object of so much care; the head was entire, but all save the bones had disappeared: the teeth, which were very fine, were all uninjured, and the hair was there in all its beauty; two long floating ringlets depended at each side of what had been the face, and the long tresses behind were from eighteen to twenty inches long: the colour was of a clear brown.

The surgeon who assisted at the opening of the tomb, it appears, could not resist his desire to become the possessor of one of these beautiful tresses; but, so soon as the theft was

discovered, means were taken immediately to recover the lost treasure, which was in due time restored to the rector of St. Ours, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Tours, who, lamentable to relate, cast it into the fire as a profane relic unworthy of regard! It seemed as if this unnecessary profanation of the remains of her who had been looked upon almost as the tutelary genius of France, was an omen of the fearful events which so soon followed; the priests who, after three hundred years, suddenly discovered that her tomb was in the way, little dreamed, at that moment, of their own annihilation. Agnès Sorel rose from her tomb, like a Pythoness disturbed in her cave, to announce the desolation which was about to fall on her country.

At the fatal period of the Revolution, this tomb was, with infinite difficulty, preserved in the general wreck, and some funds appropriated to obtain for it a niche of safety in a part of the old chateau; and, in 1834, it was placed where it is now found, by the sous-préfet of the arrondissement, in compliance with the wish of several lovers of the arts.

Here, then, after many vicissitudes, lies, without the pale of the church, the lovely mistress of France; for so she may be called, being as much loved by the nation as by the king. "She sleeps well," with her two white lambs at her feet, and two watching angels at her head, and is, perhaps, as beautiful a vision as ever delighted the eyes of a lover of the romantic in history.—*Costello.*

The Naturalist.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS ATTACHED TO INSECTS.*

THERE are several kinds of insects, to which are found attached plants, and portions of flowers. They are termed by the naturalist, *parasitical*; the following are the chief of this curious class:—

The Vegetating Wasp.

A species of hymenopterous insect, was first made known under the name of vegetating wasp, by a Spaniard, named Father Torrubia, at Madrid, in the year 1754. The sequent curious account was given by him:—

He found, two leagues from the city of Havannah, in New Spain, in 1749, some dead wasps in a field; from the belly of each wasp a plant germinated, which grows about five spans high. The natives call this plant *gía*, and it is full of sharp prickles, which are supposed by them to proceed from the bellies of the wasp.

Some others were found in the island of Dominica; they had very much the appearance of the drone; after they buried themselves in May, they began to vegetate toward the end of July, or, rather, they are found so about that time. When the tree has arrived at its

full growth, it resembles a coral-branch about three inches high, bearing several little pods, which are supposed by the inhabitants to "drop off and become worms, and from thence flies." This plant is supposed to be a species of *clavaria*, similar to the one which is sometimes found on dead horses' hoofs.

An interesting account has been given by a gentleman who, while botanizing in America, found lying on the ground a wasp's nest, which had, by some means unknown to him, been separated from a branch of a laurel, near which it had fallen. The creatures were in a strange condition after this disaster to their dwelling, some were fitting about over their cells, and by the softness of their wings and the faintness of their colours, were easily known to have been hatched but a short time. Many of them were lying dead on the ground, and, on examining these, he instantly perceived vegetables proceeding from their bodies, which were uniformly attached to the thorax. He collected about fifty of the vegetating wasps. On inspecting the nests, he found a considerable proportion of the cells empty; this, however, was not the case with them all, for there were still some that contained young wasps in the state of larva. He drew them from their cells, and satisfied himself that there was an incipient vegetation, and, moreover, that its progress had kept pace with the growth of the insect. Yet in some instances, the vegetation is considered to commence only when life has ceased.

In confirmation of this opinion, it is related that in Trinidad, a wasp was found, apparently in a perfect condition, glued somehow, by one of its wings, to a leaf of a tree. From all parts of its body issued filaments from one to three inches long; they were shining black, and resembled the plant called Spanish beard.

The Cicada of Martinique and Dominica.

The pupæ of a species of cicada, which is common in Martinique and Dominica, have been found with a plant attached to them. As they bury themselves under the dead leaves to wait their change, it is supposed, that when the season is unfavourable, many perish. The seed of the fungus finds a proper bed on this insect, and grows. Mr. Edwards considers that they are not dead pupæ, but that, before the insect is about to change, the fungus dries, and falls off. Messrs Kirby and Spence mention one of this genus in their cabinet, "with a kind of spheria, with a twisted thickish stipes and oblong head, springing up in the space between the eyes." Dr. Hill says, in speaking of the cicada, "this you may be assured is the fact and all the fact, though the untaught inhabitants suppose a fly to vegetate, and though there exists a Spanish drawing of the plants growing into a perfoliate tree; and it has been figured with the creature flying with this tree upon its back—

"So wild are the imaginations of man,
So chaste and uniform is nature."

* Natural History of Insects, pp. 296—301

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Arts and Sciences.

AGRICULTURAL STEAM-MACHINE.

THE mind is lost in inextricable amazement whilst contemplating the mighty powers of steam made subservient to the wants and ingenuity of man; and, among the many applications which we have of late years beheld with wonder, another is now shown at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park: it is the working of a model, by machinery, by means of which, it is proposed to be shewn what Mr. Pinkus, the patentee, intends to achieve. It consists of a stationary steam-engine, from which branch off, pipes, under ground, leading from the station, and passing into the fields, in necessary directions. Through these pipes, the power of the stationary engine is transmitted by an auxiliary vacuum power, which power, in any parts of such fields, puts in motion a locomotive engine of light weight, having neither boiler or furnace, and to which are attached, for purposes of husbandry, any and every agricultural implement for ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, draining, leveling, &c.

LIGHTING-GAS FROM TURF.

It appears that M. Pahlenz, of Grunsberg, in Silesia, has made trials of the employment of turf for lighting; and, that he affirms that one thousand turfs of eight inches square, and four in height, were sufficient for lighting fifty street lamps with gas. The residue then presents a good coke for forges.

SUBMARINE OPERATIONS AT SPITHEAD.

MR. DEAN and his party, who are working at the wreck of the *Mary Rose*,* sunk in battle in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., have recovered a brass gun, between 11 and 12 feet long, of exquisite workmanship, and upwards of five inches in the bore, and which has been fished up; it bears an inscription which will be easily read when the gun is washed; even at present the name of Henry VIII. can be made out. Over the inscription is a beautiful full-blown rose.

Alongside of this curious and perfect piece of ordnance, was found an iron gun of the very rudest description, made out of bars hooped round, and what is still more remarkable, a granite shot, rather larger than a 32-pounder! It is very strange to observe the extremes of the art, thus lying side by side, for more than three centuries.

* The "goodly-ship" *Mary Rose*, went down with her captain, Sir George Carew, and four hundred men. The French said they had sunk her by their fire—the English said she had gone down through great negligence, being overlaid with ordnance, and having her ports very low.—*Ed. M.*

that some imago specimens of *ledidopterous* insects have been brought from the tropical regions, covered with long slender filaments. They are always in a very decayed state."

In China is found a geometrical larva, which has a long, rather thick stem growing from the head; this is about two inches and a quarter long, while the insect itself is not quite one inch and a half in length. The Chinese suppose that this is a plant during the summer season; but that in winter its stalk dies, and the root becomes a worm. On opening the body of the larva, however, it is found, that the root of the fungus on which the worm feeds, entirely occupies the whole interior portion from the head to the opposite end.

Most authors have supposed that the seeds are swallowed by the larva, and cause its death, and that, after the event, it becomes the soil or base upon which the vegetables fasten themselves, and thus germinate in the decaying remains.

On the other hand it is supposed that they are propagated by seeds in the ordinary mode; it plainly appears that the seeds would, on being wafted through the air, alight upon the most exposed part of the unhatched insect that was accommodated for its reception, and this would, of course, be near the head. Being there fixed, the plant would increase with the enlargement of the insect, and, drawing nourishment from its body, would continue to grow, even after it had attained its last and perfect state, until the plant has destroyed the life of the insect.

The opinion now laid before the reader is more likely to be the truth. As insects pass no small portion of their life in a state of torpidity, in which they remain chiefly without motion, it will not seem wonderful, should any partial moisture accidentally accumulate upon them, that it affords a seed-plot for certain minute fungi to come up and grow in.

Some insects have been found with portions of flowers attached to various parts of their body. Thus the stamens have been detected on bees, and even on coleopterous insects.

Christian, a German writer, has described some very curious appearances which he observed on the first joint of the four posterior tarsi of *Hylocopa latipes*. These were batheo-shaped laminae, fixed in pairs by means of a footstalk to the joint, and are sometimes very numerous. He conjectures that the insect uses them for the purpose of collecting pollen.

Messrs Kirby and Spence, however, have remarked that some specimens do not possess this apparatus. They, therefore, imagine that these appendages are the anthers of flowers, and are spoils which the bees in question have fished from the blossoms of some plant.

REPENTANCE is the reflection of virtue in the waters of tears.

The earthquakes of affliction bring out many beautiful heights and fountains in the heart.

The Public Journals.

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL.—September, 1840.

[THIS journal, always commendable, takes a wide range this month. Starting upon Russia, it next talks of Rafaele at Rome—pays a visit to King Juba at the Canary Isles—passes to India, where it discourses on theology like a deep-read pundit, and then with "vast swoop," speeds again to London, and delivers an able lecture on the "Architecture and Population of London." From this last paper we, for the present, select the writer's statistics on the

Progressive Population of London.]

The capital till the reign of Anne, including the City, Westminster, and Southwark, was almost confined to the lower part of the valley of the Thames; the ground from thence, now nearly filled with buildings, rises gradually to Hampstead Heath, which is 433 feet above its level; the highest part of Shooter's Hill, which bounds it on the south, is 411 feet; the cross of St. Paul's its centre, 406 feet; the top of the Monument, 226 feet; the Horse Guards' barracks, Regent's Park, 200 feet, the County Fire Office, Regent-street, 60 feet; Buckingham Palace, 13 feet 4 inches; Fife House, Whitehall, one foot six inches, and Westminster Hall, the lowest ground, eleven inches below the level of the river; as is also the lake in St. James's Park, which is five feet beneath it. The metropolis, in the reign of William III., extended from east to west five miles, and from north to south in its greatest breadth, was under two: at the present day, calculating one continued junction of buildings, it is not less than nine miles in length, and its extreme breadth four. Though the population has increased in a still larger ratio, yet greater accommodation has been obtained for the people, arising from the increased elevation given to the houses, and the disuse of court-yards. The first census of the population was taken in the second year of the reign of Charles II., and from it to the present day the fact will appear thus:—

Year 1700	674,300 persons
1750	676,250
1801	900,000
1811	1,050,000
1821	1,225,694
1835	1,471,941

The number of inhabitants immediately within the walls has continued to decrease; in the year 1821, it amounted to 56,174, in 1831 to 55,778; this falling off was principally in the parish of St. Katherine, where the number which, at the commencement of the last-named year, amounted to 2,934, were at the close of it, by the formation of the St. Katherine's Docks, reduced to 72. The increase has amounted on the average to about 25,000 annually, and according to the last estimate in 1835, the entire population of the metropolis amounted to 1,776,600; the census of 1841 will in all probability bring it to 2,000,000.

STRYCK'S INSTITUTE OF THE LAW OF SPECTRES.*

(From the current number of Blackwood.)

[THIS curious treatise was first published by Stryck, in 1701, and in the collected edition of his works, and those of his father, (Frankfort and Leipzig,) it forms the fourteenth dissertation of volume twelfth. Stryck may be considered as one of the last thorough-going believers in the visible existence of the Satanic dynasty on earth, and devoted his time and talents to the compilation of a spectral code, or digest of the law, as applicable to the world we live in, with the devil and his emissaries. Stryck begins his dissertation with a sub-division of the classes of

The Genus Spectre.]

There is first your domestic spectre, (Haugott or Kobold,) who passes with the premises, whoever may be the proprietor; your air-spirit, or flying-dragon; your water-spirit, or Nixe, who haunts the pond in your garden, or rises to your hook, if you be a brother of the angle, from some dark suicidal-looking pool in the river; your field-spectre, or out-of-door devil, (Feld-teuffel,) mentioned by Isaiah, chap. xlii., verses 14, 22, who keeps moving through woods and uninhabited places, with no very definite purpose; your mountain-spectre, (Berg-gott,) a most waggish and tricky spirit, and inveterate practical joker, of which tribe the notorious Kubezahl of the Giant Mountain in Silesia, is the most conspicuous representative; your spirit of the mine, who again suffers a subdivision into the *spiritus mitior*, who creeps along and does no harm to any one, and the *spiritus crudelior*, who not unfrequently inflicts death upon the luckless inmates of the mine, though of late he has been pretty effectually laid by the spells of the magician Davy. To these add Lamie, Incubi, and Succubi, besides that large class of incognito spirits who make no personal appearance, but unequivocally announce their presence by uttering pestilential noises, subverting the pots and pans in the kitchen, and kicking the tables down stairs. "In domibus turbant," says Stryck, "ollas, patinas, &c., subvertunt, scamna, mensas per scalas dejiciunt."

Now, keeping in view the large spiritual standing army which is thus constantly in commission, and that all hours are the same to them—for it is quite a vulgar error to suppose that they confine themselves to the short period between twelve p.m. and one a.m.—it seems plain we cannot turn a corner either in town or country, but some of these agreeable companions may be at our elbow. "Pernotant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." And this being the case, it becomes necessary to look the subject steadily in the face, and instead of attempting, like Balthazar Bekker, and other base and presumptuous sceptics, to deny the existence of spectres altogether—we

* De Jure Spectrorum, John Samuel Stryck, 1701.

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place the legal relations of men and things with these spiritual beings upon a distinct and systematic footing.

Stryck, accordingly, considers the law of spectres, in a civil and criminal point of view.

How monsters, shamming the ghostly character, are to be dealt with.

The point is illustrated by the case of two citizens of Wittenberg, (anno 1691,) who figure under the classic pseudonyms of Lucius and Seius. Lucius was a determined sceptic in matters spiritual; Seius, a firm believer. Many a dispute the pair had had upon the subject, with the usual result—each being only the more confirmed in his own opinion. Seius, thinking to add the force of an actual illustration to mere reasoning, way-laid his unbelieving friend, one dark evening, accoutred in a garb somewhat similar to that in which Pipes appalled the soul of Commodore Truncheon, and at first made a considerable impression; but Lucius rallying his senses, and recognizing the ass in lion's clothing, applied his cudgel with such energy to the shoulders of the apparition, that he speedily shrieked out for mercy, protesting that he was Seius only, and no spectre. "Impossible," retorted Lucius; "I don't believe you, you are a devil, and no mistake," and so continued the exercise until the unlucky apparition was really on the point of giving up the ghost.

Stryck puts the question in reference to the case cited:—"Whether this case was actionable?" He answers his own question, by holding that no action of damages will lie at Seius' instance, he himself being the occasion of the drubbing he had received; and we certainly think it probable, had any such action been brought by Seius, the verdict would have been similar to that returned by the Yorkshire jury in the case of the ternaught killed by her husband—"Served him right."

Rather inconsistently, however, with his own doctrine, he is of opinion that both parties should be dealt with criminally; Seius for the personation of a spirit, and Lucius for excessive drubbing—a view in which we cannot concur; for we really hold that it is scarcely possible to thrash a pretended spirit too severely. Popular feeling, it is notorious, is strong on the subject. If a fellow is caught hoisting an illuminated turnip above a white sheet, he is dealt with *more majorum*, by a course of drubbing followed by ducking in the nearest pond. If he personates the devil, which was Seius' case, with horns, saucer eyes, and a fiery tail, and is then caught in *aggranti*, he may think himself lucky if he escapes with his life. In fact, there is no delinquency which we visit with more ferocity upon the offender, than that of having given us a thorough fright.

Stryck concludes his examination of the law of spectres, by the examination of the nice and important question—whether, if a house be rendered uninhabitable on account

of spectres, the proprietor must still pay taxes for it? Stryck holds the negative—an opinion which seems equitable, though we have our own doubts whether his law on the subject would be confirmed by the Court of Exchequer.

BELEMNITES, OR THUNDERSTONES.

BEFORE the geological history of this extinct marine animal was well made out, few natural productions ministered more largely to the superstitious feelings of man.

The nations of antiquity looked upon them with terror. They imagined that the gods, who sat throned on Olympus, hurled them to the earth as symbols of their wrath, to manifest their indignation against men or nations.

Another legend was, that they proceeded from the lynx—from this animal having eyes, dazzling and swift as bolts of lightning.

From their being found on Mount Ida, they were also, from their resemblance to those organs, called *Idæ dactyli*, or petrified fingers.

This last idea was too much in unison with the gloomy imagination of the northern nations to be lost: they had, accordingly, the title of "devil's fingers," bestowed on them.

Not unfrequently, also, they were called Spectre-candles.

Afterwards came the age of thunderstones, when this fossil was alleged to be the produce of electricity. *Lapis fulminans*—it was christened by the learned.

Subsequently, the belemnite was considered, even by those who had adopted more correct opinions on the subject of many fossil shells, to be strictly mineral—to be a stalactite or crystal.

At length it began to be granted that the belemnite was of organic animal origin, and the conical cavity at its broader end, caused it to be looked upon as the tooth of some unknown creature; others pronounced it to be a spine, like those of an echinus.

So late as 1808, an analysis of it was given in Nicholson's Journal, under the name of a crystal, called a "Thunder-pick."

At last, the increasing light of science, placed the belemnite in a comparatively clear point of view—the true place of the belemnite is among the Cephalopoda. Cuvier, Lamarck, and all modern writers of note, agree in this, and also concur in allowing that it was an internal shell, belonging to a cephalopodous animal not now existent.

Belemnites are most abundant, and occur principally in the chalk formations, in the oolite and lias.

* A substance with which fable had been so busy, was not likely to have been overlooked in the old materia medica. It was administered in a powdered state, as a remedy for the nightmare and stone. Dr. Woodward states, that in Gloucestershire, the powder was blown into the eyes of horses affected with watery humours; and, in Russia, it is said to be used, when pulverized, for dressing wounds.

The Gatherer.

Bartholomew Fair in 1670.—In "Some Account of Rachel, Lady Russell," mention is made of her ladyship, with her sister Lady Northumberland, and Lady Shaftsbury, returning from Bartholomew Fair, loaded with fairings for herself and children. How is this! Are the people of the present day more depraved than those at the above period; or are our female nobility now more *refined* than the above truly illustrious, virtuous, and intellectual ladies, that the fair is about being discontinued!

Woman's Privilege.—You may meet with twenty men in a day who stutter: but you never heard of a woman, who had an impediment in her speech.—*American Paper.*

The Executioner of Louis XVI.—M. Sanson, the public executioner, who died lately, was remarkable for the horrible task he had to perform in 1793, when, by virtue of his office, he had to bind the hands of Louis XVI., and afterwards place the monarch's head under the guillotine. He was the third of his name who had filled the same functions, and he has left a son and grandson. He had acquired some property, and become an elector, was a well-informed man, was fond of the arts, and passed most of his evenings in playing on the piano.

Great Birth-Year.—It is a curious fact, that Mehemet or Mohammed Ali, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Duke of Wellington, were all born in 1769.

Beauty of Soul.—The palm-tree is the true emblem of a beautiful soul, with no rough bark or branches, but crowned with thick leaves and rich fruit.

Mode of preserving animals.—M. Salomon directs, for this purpose, that reptiles especially, be immersed, for two months, in strong alcohol, and then placed in a stove, heated to 104°, until they are completely dried. After this, they may be kept for any length of time, without exhaling any disagreeable odour.

Diamonds found near Algiers.—Three diamonds have been found in the auriferous sands of the river Goumel, in the province of Constantine. One of them, weighing three carats, is worth about 20l., if free from flaws, and is now at the School of Mines, Paris. The second weighs 1½ carat, and is now in the Museum of Natural History; and the third, in the possession of M. Le Drée weighs one carat.

Silkworms.—Every silk-worm produces about 500 yards of silk.

Rousseau, son of Queen Josephine's nurse, and an attached servant to the Napoleon family, on hearing of the catastrophe at Boulogne, was seized with a nervous fever, and died on the 16th ult.

The Formicaleo, or Lion-Dog.—The menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, has just received a little dog, which has the mane, tail, and likeness, of a little lion. The ticket on its cage, calls it the "Formicaleo." It is said to have been brought from Tunis to Paris by M. Lefebvre, corresponding member of the Institute.—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

"The Songs of Degrees."—In the Court of the Temple, there was an ascent of fifteen steps or stairs between the women's court and the men's. Upon these steps, the Levites sung those fifteen psalms immediately following the one hundred and nineteenth, upon each step one psalm, whence those psalms are entitled, *Psalmi graduales*, Songs of Degrees.—*Godwin's Jewish Antiquities*, lib. 2, p. 67.

An Even Temper.—A correspondent states, that he has known a person for the last twenty years, during which period, he has never seen him in a good humour. Such magnanimous equanimity of disposition deserves to be recorded. We would advise a medal, bearing a suitable inscription, to be presented to the individual.—*Wilt's Herald.*

An enormous organ is now being erected in the Abbey of St. Denis. It contains about six thousand pipes, amongst which, are some measuring fifty-two feet, and weighing twelve thousand pounds. This magnificent instrument is nearly completed.

The Canal, for joining the Danube by the Maine, fast progresses; a large portion of the work from Bamberg to Nuremberg will be finished in the course of the present year. Three emblematical figures, in white marble, each thirteen feet in height, respectively representing the Danube, Rhine, and Maine, will be erected by Schwanthaler, the Bavarian sculptor, on its banks.

To the Scientific.—The British Association will, this year, assemble at Glasgow, on Thursday, the 17th of Sept., and not on a Monday, as heretofore.

A farm at Tamerville, near Valognes, in the Manche, was burnt on the 3rd of August, by the fall of a meteor, or shooting star. Six witnesses affirmed the fact of having seen the meteoric body going in the direction of the house, and of the conflagration breaking out immediately after; but there were no means of proving that it actually hit the building.

A weeping Picture.—Under the pressure of this sorrow, she, at length, gave way; she leaned her head upon her hand, while large tears dropped silently from her full blue eyes, and broke themselves upon the bare table before her.—*The Pope, a Novel.*

Thansigars of India.—These are a community of murderers who infest the plains of Hindostan.

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